



Hanging from a Tree



90 11 10

Chapter 1 by Florenceia

The cold blade is pushed against my neck.

"Anyone moves and she dies," yells the women holding the blade to my neck. My comrades freeze. It would be touching if I wasn't about to die. Why had we gotten mixed into dirty politics with corrupted rulers when we knew one of us was going to be hanging upside down tied to a tree with a knife at their throat. Never again, if I lived, would I tango with the people pulling the strings.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



It's funny, how while hanging like this my mind had changed. I used to make fun of people like this, hate them even. How could they abandon the world to corruption, to villainy and greed. How could so many just turn a blind eye to the injustice and lawlessness of the world. It affected them all. But now, here, I want to just get away from it all too. To go back home to my family and pretend none of this existed. Is fear really so powerful that it can cow the masses and even cause the brave to turn away from their paths? I didn't always think so... but now I do.

I feel the knife dig into my skin as she keeps yelling at my comrades. I wonder if they will let me

die. If they could read my mind they would know I was no longer one of them, one of the brave souls trying to stand against tyrants. I was too quickly and I feel the knife dig deeper. I feel my bladder empty. I feel the knife dig into my stomach and neck. I am covered in it. I feel so... I am focused on me.

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"Drop your weapons now you rebel scum! Or I'll spill your precious leaders blood all over this place!" she continues yelling.

Chapter 3 by Florenceia



Someone dances with knives

The cool metal of the knife pushed in deeper into my skin. It's sharp blade sliced by skin in a shallow cut that slowly bled crimson droplets. They slid down my face like ruby tears. Real tears shimmer in the eyes a few of my comrades. Tears of fear, frustration, anger. They had fought for what they believed, they deserved to live, not me. I try to speak, but my voice comes out hoarse, like sand paper wiping down my throat. Everyone's eyes turn to me. "Let them go," I croak out, bullfrog like, "And kill me." "Noo!" shrieked a voice from the group. "You can't forfeit your life!" she shouted again. Everyone had frozen now, even the lady who was holding the blade to my throat stopped yelling. "No one is dying to tonight besides you!" she shouted again, but this time she held a silver knife in her hand. Before anyone understood what she was saying the blade danced through the air and with a sickening thud landed hilt deep in the neck of my captor. With a look of horror and fear she sunk to her knees and died bleeding slowly onto the ground.

Chapter 4 by Αηηιε ღεიღ (GONE...)



Not even a second after, figures from the group, my group, came and detached my feet from the rope, and laid me gently on the ground. Everything around me was blurry with blood, and I had a headache. I tried to talk, but my throat wouldn't let me. I coughed up some blood, and whispered: "You should have left me". And then I blacked out. I mean, it was totally normal, right? I was hanging upside down for over an hour.

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"You should have left me. Remember the pact?" I whisper angrily, and painfully. He just stares indifferently, fidgeting with his pocket knife.

"I thought that you out of all people would have respected it!". My throat starts croaking again. After a long silence between us, I add "I guess I was wrong about you".

"What do you think we'd do without a leader, huh? You're the only one who can read those darn maps!" he yells, this time not caring about the others.

"He has a point..." adds Marius, who is now awake and watching the scene.

"No one asked you Marius, so shut it" replied Hudson.

I look around and realize everyone is awake and fixated on me and Hudson. "Look... I'm just mad you guys broke the pact. You broke my trust and-" my throat hurts too much to continue, and they probably can't understand thanks to my croaky voice anyway. I stamp off in frustration back to my spot. I lay back down, and stare at the sky.

Adrenaline has filled my whole system. I should be glad to be alive...

But I'm not.

I shut my brain down and close my eyes.

I finally fall asleep.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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